

August 2019

The Power of Love

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Power of Love" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 290.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/290

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THE POWER OF LOVE.

From BALFE'S New Opera, "SATANELLA ;
or, THE POWER OF LOVE."

RECITATIVE

Myself once more the page I cease to play,
All woman now, my soul resumes her sway ;
Though conscious love his wakeful heart denies,
In blissful vision let me charm his eyes ;
One blissful moment in my true form seen,
By love enthroned his fancied worshipp'd queen.

AIR.

THERE'S a power whose sway,
Angel's souls adore,
And the lost obey,
Weeping evermore.
Doubtful mortals prize,
Smiles from it above,
Bliss that never dies,
Such is thy power—Oh, love !

Source of joy and woe,
Foiler of stern hate,
Lord of high and low,
Woman calls thee "little !"
Fierceness owns thy spell,
Vulture thou, and dove,
Language cannot tell,
Half thy power—Oh, love !

No. 105.



THE OYSTER GIRL.

London :—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and
Publisher, 177, Union Street, Borough.

AS I was going down Bishopsgate-street,
An oyster girl I chanced to see,
And into her basket I chanced to peep,
To see if she had any oysters.

Oysters, oysters, oysters, sir, said she,
They are the best that you ever did see,
And if you will please to buy them of me
I'll warrant 'em all fat oysters.

And if to a tavern you'll go with me,
With a bottle of wine I'll treat thee,
And all so merrily we'll agree,
With bread and wine to our oysters.

They had not long at the tavern been,
When she picked his pocket of fourscore pounds,
She gave him the slip and ran into the town,
Thus dearly he paid for his oysters.

Oh waiter, waiter, did you see
An oyster wench come in with me ?
She's picked my pocket of all my money,
And left me her basket of oysters.

O yes, kind sir, I did see
An oyster girl come in with thee,
She paid the reckoning—so you may go free.
And troop with your basket of oysters.

Of all the years I lived in France,
I never met with such a mischance,
An oyster girl gave to me a fine dance,
And made me pay dear for my oysters.